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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

We two are the last, my daughter;  
To set the table for two,  
Where once we had plates for twenty,  
Is a lonesome thing to do.  
But my boys and girls are scattered  
To the East and West afar,  
And he who was dearer than children,  
Has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my hairns for Thanksgiving;  
I thought last night, as I lay  
Awake in my bed and watching  
For the breaking of the day,  
How my heart would leap in gladness  
If a letter should come this morn  
To say that they could not leave us here  
To keep the feast forlor.

Samuel, my son in Dakota,  
Is a rich man, as I hear,  
And he'll never let want approach us,  
Save the wanting of him near;  
While Jack is in San Francisco,  
And Edward over the sea,  
And only my little Jessie  
Is biding at home with me.

And I feel like poor Naomi  
When back to her own she went,  
And she said, "Is this Naomi?"  
She well knew what they meant.  
I've stayed, and the lands have wandered,  
And the time that was swift to go  
When I was brisk and busy,  
Is laggard and dull and slow.

Oh! the happy time for a mother  
Is when her hairns are small,  
And into the nursery beds at night  
She gathers her dandies and all;  
When the wee ones are about her  
With a gleeful noise and cry,  
And she hushes the tumult with a smile,  
Her brood beneath her eyes.

But a mother must bear her burden  
When her babes are bearded men,  
On Change or in the army,  
Or scratching away with a pen  
In some banker's dusty office,  
As Martin is, no doubt—  
A mother must bear her burden,  
And learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching,  
To keep the halt and blind,  
And the homelick and the desolate,  
At the festal hour in mind.  
Of the fat and the sweet a portion  
I'll send to the poor man's door;  
But I'm wearying for my children  
To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling,  
This living for money and pelf,  
It takes the heart from life, dear,  
It robs a man of himself.  
This old bleak hillside hamlet  
That sends its boys away,  
Has a right to claim them back, dear  
On the fair Thanksgiving Day.

Shame on my foolish fretting!  
Here are letters, a perfect sheaf;  
Open them quick, I dearest!  
Ah me, it's beyond belief!  
By ship and train they're hastening,  
Rushing along on the way,  
Till the neighbors all my children  
Will be here Thanksgiving Day.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Bazaar*.

### THAT PUMPKIN PIE.

AND THE POWERFUL EFFECT IT HAD  
ON A LONELY BACHELOR.

In a down town restaurant in  
Chicago John Gilmore sat at dinner.  
With a very discontented ex-  
pression of countenance, he was  
"jabbing" with his fork a piece of  
a pumpkin pie which he had just  
ordered, seemingly determined that  
particular piece should never know  
another victim.

His thoughts ran somewhat on  
this wise: "Call that pumpkin  
pie! A yellow skin over a piece of  
soggy dough?" Then, through the  
association of ideas his thoughts  
turned to that home in Ohio where  
his mother at this season of the  
year, always served daily the lus-  
cious pie as rich as new milk, fresh  
eggs and golden pumpkin could  
make it.

But that home was broken up,  
and all its inmates scattered; none  
of the numerous kinfolk near the  
old place but Aunt Sally Penrose,  
while he, after ten years of struggle  
in the modern Babylon—Chicago—  
at the age of thirty, was only just  
beginning to catch a glimpse of the  
way to fortune. Fame he never  
expected. Then his mind reverted  
to the stabbed pie, and he said to  
himself, for he never condescended  
to scold waiters about things for  
which they were not responsible,  
being a gentleman, "I can't eat  
this; it's more than human stomach  
can endure. I believe I will go  
back to Brookville and see the old  
place and dear old Aunt Sally.  
Next week is Thanksgiving, and I  
can manage to get off two or three  
days. I'll never marry until I can  
find a woman who can make pump-  
kin pies as my mother could."

With a final critical glance at the  
offending food, he took his hat and  
departed. That evening he wrote  
to his aunt telling her of his intend-  
ed visit, and in due time received  
a reply so kind and cordial that it  
warmed his rather lonely heart and  
touched his conscience for not hav-  
ing gone before.

Thanksgiving morning John Gil-

more awakened by the unwonted  
sound of crowing cocks and lowing  
cows. For a few moments he was  
dazed; then he remembered that  
the night before he had reached  
Brookville, had been met at the  
station by his uncle James and taken  
to the little village, had sat late  
talking to his aunt, finally, when  
snugly ensconced between the  
white sheets, had fallen into such a  
dreamless sleep as he had not  
known in years.

After breakfast Aunt Sally said:  
"John, it's union service to-day"  
and will be held in the Methodist  
Church. Our preacher will preach  
—the Presbyterian. You'll go,  
won't you?"

John hesitated, and then said  
"Yes." He had some thought of  
taking a long walk through the  
leafless wood, where in boyhood  
he had known every nook and  
corner. The day was so bright, the  
air so crisp that it was a great piece  
of self-denial to give it up. But  
as he had to stay till the fast ex-  
press Sunday night he concluded to  
spend an orthodox Thanksgiving—  
preaching, dinner and all. He  
hadn't heard any old fashioned  
preaching lately. To be sure, he  
had every Sunday heard Professor  
Rope discuss the questions—politi-  
cal and secular—which had inter-  
ested the public during the preced-  
ing week, but, barring the text, it  
bore very little relation to its an-  
tiquated relative, the "Gospel ser-  
mon."

Arrived at the church, he found  
himself seated well up in front.  
His aunt bowed and smiled to  
many; he saw no familiar face.  
His manhood had been employed  
in the great struggle for foothold,  
so that his old friends had been  
dropped, and he had not formed  
many new acquaintances. In this  
atmosphere of homely, cheery  
friendliness, he felt like an intruder.  
Just back of the preacher was sear-  
ed the choir, composed of the mem-  
bers of all the different churches in  
the village. He was pleased with  
the sensation of interest the pretty,  
fresh faces of the girls gave him.  
He joined in the singing of  
"Coronation" and other old  
hymns, and listened to the sermon,  
apparently as interested as any one  
there. It was a simple effort, suited  
to the occasion and the hearers,  
but by its absence of pretension it  
refreshed him.

At the close a general hand-  
shaking was indulged in, and he  
was introduced to many persons  
who had known his father and  
mother.

"John," said Aunt Sally, "it's  
our turn this year to go Mrs. Gray's  
to dinner. We take year about—  
the Grays, Steels and our folks—  
so if you will you may just walk  
over with the other young folks  
through the meadow and we will  
take Uncle Billy Gregg home in  
your place. I was so flurried last  
night I forgot to tell you."

John, when he found it was an  
established custom, made no demur,  
but said, "Certainly, aunt. I  
would be delighted to walk through  
the meadow, but you must introduce  
me to my companions. I don't  
know them even by sight."

"To be sure you don't!" exclaimed  
Aunt Sally. "Ruth, Ruth,"  
she called, and a nice quiet looking  
girl stepped forward and said,  
holding out her hand: "How do  
you do, Aunt Sally? You are go-  
ing over to dinner, aren't you?  
Mother is expecting you."

"Oh, yes, but here, I want to in-  
troduce you to my nephew, John  
Gilmore. John, this is Ruth Gray.  
It is to her house we are going, she  
explained to him; "she will take  
care of you, and make you ac-  
quainted with the other young  
folks."

John, who was unaccustomed to  
the society of young ladies, instead  
of making complimentary speeches  
about her guardianship, bowed  
gravely and walked by her side  
across the road to the big gate  
which led into the meadow. He  
opened it, and let her through and  
found himself with her following  
a small procession, which proved to  
be the "other young folks."

Ruth at first felt shy of him, as he  
was a city man, but soon conclud-  
ed he was bashful, and then, being  
naturally kind hearted, set herself  
to entertaining him by talking of  
the sermon, the weather and other

commonplace topics, until they  
reached the old fashioned farm-  
house.

The dinner was a brave affair.  
The guests, some twenty or thirty,  
sat at one long table, graced with  
turkey, of course, cranberry sauce,  
potatoes, white and light as a snow  
mound, half a dozen kinds of  
vegetables, stands of plump celery,  
luscious jelly, preserves of every  
kind, and cakes; in fact, all the  
prodigal profusion of a country  
Thanksgiving dinner. To John  
the crowning glory was a goodly  
array of pumpkin pies which graced  
the sideboard. Ruth, with two of  
her young friends, waited on them  
all, handing the coffee, heaping the  
plates and cutting the pie. This  
first operation John watched with  
interest, for pumpkin pie cannot  
be cut properly by a careless hand.  
Ruth cut it with two quick strokes,  
leaving a clean edge of delicious  
custard and an unbroken crust.

After the repast John, whose re-  
serve had thawed under the in-  
fluence of the good things which he  
had partaken, said to Mrs. Gray:  
"You must let me thank you for  
that delicious pumpkin pie. It  
was as good as my mother's, and  
that is the highest praise I could  
bestow."

Mrs. Gray looked pleased and  
said: "I'm glad you liked it.  
Ruth made it; she was up at 5  
o'clock, so as to have them fresh.  
She says if there is anything de-  
testable it is a pumpkin pie with  
crust soaked till it is soggy."

The older folks had assembled in  
the parlor, but the younger people  
who had eaten remained in the din-  
ing room for the fun of waiting on  
the "waiters," which John soon  
discovered and thought he would  
like to try. He found his way  
back, and was soon busy filling the  
plate of Ruth, whom he had elected  
to serve, so full that she laugh-  
ed and said, "Mr. Gilmore, you  
must have a great opinion of my  
powers of digestion." He looked a  
little teased as he contemplated the  
pyramid he had just constructed,  
took the vacant seat at her side  
and said to her: "I thought you  
might have an appetite." Making  
pies at 5 o'clock in the morning is  
hungry work."

"Did mother tell you that?" she  
asked.

"No, I asked her—in a manner."  
"I had my breakfast afterward,"  
said Ruth, "but you may bring me  
a piece of pie now, if you please."  
He went to the sideboard to do her  
bidding. As ill luck would have it  
there was none cut, so he took the  
knife in his unskillful hand, held  
fast to the plate, but not to the pie,  
which went slipping to the floor,  
spattering him well in his descent.  
Ruth, who had been watching him,  
saw the mishap, which none of the  
others had noticed, came quickly  
to the rescue, and soon had the pie  
deftly cleaned up and in the kitchen,  
where she indulged in the  
laugh which her politeness and  
sympathy for his discomfort for-  
bade and no one the wiser.

"You may be a good lawyer, but  
you are a poor butler," remark  
Ruth.

The rest of the afternoon was  
spent in walking about the fields  
and eating nuts around the fire.

But the best part of the day was  
the evening, for it was the custom  
of these good people to stay till 10  
o'clock. The long kitchen was  
cleared, and every one, old and  
young, played games—"Puss in  
the corner," "Blind Man's Buff"  
and such like. Ruth was blind-  
folded. Such scampering and gig-  
gling, as she dashed wildly around  
the room! With arms uplifted she  
brought them down to the shoulders  
of John, who to tell the truth, made  
no great effort to escape. With  
one hand she clasped his neck af-  
fectionately, while the other slid  
down his nose till it struck his  
mustache. This settled the ques-  
tion of his identity, as he was the  
only person present so adorned.  
With her hand still unconsciously  
about his neck she took the band-  
age off her eyes, while he, with an  
audacity new to him, said softly,  
"A delightful situation—if it could  
only last longer."

Ruth, becoming conscious of it,  
blushed brightly and withdrew her  
hand.

"Turn around; you are caught;  
have to be 'it,'" quoth Ruth.

"Yes, and by you," he softly an-  
swered, as he turned to have the  
handkerchief bound over his eyes,  
enjoyed the sensation of making a  
girl blush and his own newly ac-  
quired boldness.

The next day, as in duty bound  
John called on his late hostess,  
found Ruth at home and persuaded  
her to walk with him through the  
leafless woods, which, to a true  
lover of nature, are almost as plea-  
surable as in their early leafing.  
He showed her where he had played  
in his boyhood, told her of his  
childish pranks and something of  
his present mode of life. In the  
interchange of confidences she told  
him that she taught in the little  
white school house at the forks of  
the Madisonville road; of her ex-  
perience at normal school, and of  
her home life. In that one short  
afternoon they learned more of each  
other's tastes and habits than they  
could have done in a dozen casual  
meetings.

On his return John had obtained  
Ruth's promise to go with him to  
the old red bridge, the scene of  
many a former fishing bout.

On Sunday John dutifully went  
to church, where he saw Ruth in  
the choir, and as it sat just back  
of the preacher, he got great credit  
for paying strict attention to the  
sermon. At the close he walked  
with her through the meadow, and,  
on parting at her own door, thus  
addressed her:

"Who would think we met for  
the first time only three days ago?  
It seems to me I have known you a  
year."

"And I you," rejoined Ruth,  
holding out her hand in parting.  
"As you'll not come in—good-by."  
If kissing hands had not been so  
long obsolete that hand would have  
received a goody number, but John  
contented himself with a squeeze,  
painful to Ruth, but borne heroically.

That night, as the midnight train  
whistled at the station, one sweet  
country maiden said to herself, "I  
wonder if I will ever see him again."  
And then, having formed this good  
habit, fell soundly asleep among her  
pillows. And John the long night  
through made plans to see her again,  
till the train drew into the station at  
Chicago and business replaced senti-  
ment.

A few days later Ruth received  
by mail a letter and small package.  
The package proved to be a book;  
the letter, an apology for sending  
the former. John wrote: "I saw  
this little book, and the poem where  
the leaf is turned down reminded  
me so strongly of our delightful  
walks together that I ventured to  
send it. Will you assure me of  
your forgiveness by one line, telling  
me you received it?"

The poem was Lucy Larcom's  
"November." The first verse of  
it brought smiles and blushes to  
Ruth's face:

Who said November's face was grim?  
Who said her voice was harsh and sad?  
I heard her sing in wood paths dim,  
I met her on the shore, so glad,  
So smiling, I could kiss her feet!  
There never was a month so sweet.

The letter of forgiveness was duly  
sent, daintily sealed with wax show-  
ing the imprint. "Forget me not,"  
above the initials "R. G."

This injunction John followed so  
faithfully that the mail at Brook-  
ville increase to such an extent  
that it has hopes of becoming a  
fourth class office.

Before the "frost was on the  
pumpkin" the next year, Ruth was  
mistress of a cozy flat in Chicago,  
and John the head of that same  
establishment.—*Sidney Knox, in  
Chicago Ledger.*

### The Best Diet.

There were twenty-two competi-  
tors in a recent one-hundred kilo-  
metre walking match at Berlin, of  
whom eight were vegetarians. Six  
of the vegetarians covered the  
distance within the time limit of  
eighteen hours. The other two  
vegetarians came next, having lost  
their way and walked five miles ex-  
tra. One of the meat-eaters arriv-  
ed an hour later. All the others  
had dropped out before making  
half the distance.—*Ee.*

Contentment is a good thing until  
it reaches the point where it sits in  
the shade and lets the weeds grow.

## HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING.

The traditions of our history have  
developed a series of special feast  
days, such as Washington's Birth-  
day, Fourth of July, Decoration  
Day and Labor Day, yet more than  
a century and a half before the  
earliest of these comes the great  
Puritan holiday, Thanksgiving Day,  
first celebrated in the autumn of  
1621. Whether it was then sug-  
gested by the innumerable feast  
days of the English (such as the  
Thanksgiving over the defeat of the  
Spanish Armada in 1588), or whe-  
ther the Autumnal Harvest Home of  
the early Germans or the Feast of  
Tabernacles established by Moses  
prompted it, or, as Douglass Camp-  
bell would probably claim, whether  
the sojourn of the Pilgrim flock in  
Holland had impressed upon their  
minds the memory of the magni-  
ficent thanksgiving in Leyden upon  
the anniversary of its deliverance  
from the Spaniard (October 3,  
1575), or whether, as is most prob-  
able, the early Puritans felt the  
necessity of some holiday to take  
the place of the ecclesiastical  
Christmas, from the frivolities of  
which their stern and rational souls  
turned in loathing, are questions  
for the historian to examine and  
settle. But whatever its origin,  
two contemporary accounts leave  
no doubt as to its first celebration in  
the Plymouth colony. It was held  
at a time when there was need of  
relaxation and recreation among  
the little band. Disease and priva-  
tion had thinned the Mayflower's  
gallant company, so that out of  
the 101 original colonists, 46 had  
died in ten months. Let the  
quaint words of Governor Bradford  
paint the picture of the Puritan  
life:

"They now began to gather  
in the small harvest they had, and  
to fit up their houses and dwellings  
against winter, being all well re-  
covered in health and strength, and  
had all things in good plenty; for  
as some were thus employed in af-  
fairs abroad, others were exercised  
in fishing about cod and bass and  
other fish, of which they took good  
store, of which every family had  
their portion. All the summer  
there was no want. And now  
began to come in store of fowls, as  
winter approached, of which this  
place did abound when they came  
first. \* \* \* And beside water  
fowl, there was great store of wild  
turkeys, of which they took many,  
beside venison, etc."

Edward Winslow has left us an  
account of their first Thanksgiving  
Day, held probably in October,  
1621:

"Our harvest being gotten in,  
our Governor sent four men on  
fowling, so that we might, after a  
special manner, rejoice together  
after we had gathered the fruit of  
our labors. They four in one day  
killed as much fowl as, with a little  
help beside, served the company  
almost a week. At which time,  
amongst other recreations, we ex-  
ercised our arms, many of the In-  
dians coming amongst us, and  
among the rest their greatest king,  
Massasoit, with some ninety men,  
whom for three days we entertained  
and feasted, and they (the Indians)  
went out and killed five deer, which  
they brought to the plantation, and  
bestowed on our Governor and upon  
the captain, Myles Standish, and  
others. And although it be not  
always so plentiful as it was at this  
time with us, yet by the goodness of  
God, we are so far from want, that  
we often wish you partakers of our  
plenty."

There are many suggestive fea-  
tures in the first Thanksgiving. It  
seems to have lasted not one day,  
but a week. It was a period of  
joyousness—undoubtedly there  
were special services and sermons  
—but it was preeminently a season  
of relaxation and recreation. In-  
deed, there is a distinct hint that at  
this time the staid and sober fathers  
imbibed freely of what the Indians  
called "comfortable warm water,"  
but which the initiated term "Hol-  
land gin." The store of wild tur-  
keys furnished the feasts with a  
central dish, a feature since main-  
tained, and our country with a  
national bird. Other accounts of  
these early Thanksgivings lay great  
stress on chicken pie and pumpkin  
pie as valued and seasonable dainties.

Thus started, Thanksgiving Day

early developed into the great New  
England holiday. It was celebrat-  
ed irregularly down to 1860, after  
which it was annually ordered by  
the General Court, not, always in  
November, but generally after  
harvests were gathered. "During  
the war for independence eight  
public and general Thanksgivings  
were ordered by the Continental  
Congress. When this country was  
firmly settled upon its new course  
a Thanksgiving Day, uniform  
neither in time nor in service, had  
become rooted in the social life of  
the Northern and Middle colonies.  
The first national Thanksgiving  
was ordered by Congress and pro-  
claimed by President Washington  
in 1789, and the time then designat-  
ed, the last Thursday in November,  
probably fixed the date for all ages.  
It is interesting to note that the re-  
solution in Congress which cites as  
a special blessing the establishment  
of the government under the new  
Constitution was fiercely attacked  
by some on the ground, that it  
would be better to try the Con-  
stitution a little longer before  
thanking the Almighty for it.

After that time a regular Thank-  
sgiving Day was generally set apart  
by the Governor of each State.  
Not until 1858 did the custom be-  
come popular in the Southern  
States, where Christmas continued  
to be the leading holiday. But it  
always maintained its hold on New  
England as a day for spiritual up-  
lifting, family reunion and general  
jollification. It has been estimated  
that in 1858, 10,000 New Englanders  
living in New York City returned  
to their Eastern homes to celebrate  
the day in the family homesteads.  
The conflict and triumphs of the  
civil war, led to the final adoption  
of Thanksgiving Day as a general  
holiday throughout the entire ex-  
tent of the land. Moved especially  
by the victories of Gettysburg and  
Vicksburg, Lincoln fixed on the last  
Thursday in November, 1863, as a  
day of national thanksgiving. For  
thirty-four years since that time has  
each succeeding President done the  
same, until to-day we stand on the  
eve of another celebration, when,  
in addition to the mirth and jollity  
borrowed from the Puritans, from  
Maine to Texas and from ocean to  
ocean paeans of praise and fervent  
thanksgiving will arise to Almighty  
God for His permanent, unceasing  
care over a prosperous and united  
people.—*Prof. Franklin S.  
Edmonds in The Teacher.*

### About Perfumes.

The perfumes which are the most  
agreeable to the senses are not  
always the most helpful to the  
nerves, says the *Philadelphia  
Times*. Amberg is, for instance,  
is positively offensive to many, yet it  
is said to possess a wonderful power  
of clearing the brain and driving  
away those evil spirits known as the  
"blues." On the other hand, attar  
of roses, with the suggestion of  
glowing suns and gorgeous eastern  
colors, predisposes one to tears.  
A faint odor of musk acts as a  
tonic, while civet brings drowsiness  
of soul, for which the best antidote  
is the pungent odor of sandalwood.  
The fragrance of citron is as  
soothing to nervous people as far-off  
music.

Many perfumes delightful in the  
open air become particularly dis-  
agreeable in a close room. A  
whole evening can be spoiled by the  
presence of tuberoses or lilies in a  
reception room. Their strong fra-  
grance has a very bad effect. Mag-  
nolia blossoms, too, have a deligh-  
tful perfume in their native grove,  
but woe to her who sleeps through  
the night with a single blossom on  
her pillow. There are many fra-  
grant flowers, such as carnations,  
clove pinks, sweet brier and apple  
blossoms, that are as beneficial as  
they are sweet scented.

A vivid perfume is nearly always  
bracing, while a subtle one is gen-  
erally enervating. One may become  
positively intoxicated by the odor of  
the peach, almond, wild cherry and  
other blossoms of the same class,  
because they contain a suggestion  
of prussic acid.

Life is a short day, but it is a  
working day. Activity may lead  
to evil, but inactivity cannot be led  
to good.

### To Avoid Talking Cold.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS THAT ARE  
WORTHY OF YOUR ATTENTION.

It is not always sufficient to point  
out a danger, it is often of even  
greater importance to show how the  
danger may be averted.

Most people properly recognize a  
cold as avoidable, and think they  
are greatly to be commended for  
the prudence they exercise in pro-  
tecting themselves; but if they did  
but know it, they are really doing  
all they can to make themselves  
susceptible to colds by weakening  
their resisting powers.

A German professor once wrote a  
long treatise, with a learned title,  
on how to avoid catching cold.  
After tracing the history of colds  
from the earliest ages, studying  
their causes and symptoms, and  
cataloguing the remedies that have  
been used by the most eminent  
physicians of all times, he con-  
cluded with a short chapter on pre-  
vention.

His plan was to inure the back of  
the neck to drafts by having some-  
one direct a current of air upon it  
from a bellows three times a day.

The writer had the correct idea,  
although its practical application  
was clumsy, and he was a long  
time in reaching it. The best and  
only way to escape colds is to meet  
the causes that produces them and  
not to run from them.

Let the body be hardened by a  
cold sponge bath, or even a cold  
plunge, followed by brisk rubbing  
with a "scratchy" towel, every  
morning. Let the clothing be adapted  
to the season, though always  
as light as possible, but keep the  
neck uncovered—no turned up coat  
collar, no muffler, no boa. Never  
let the temperature in the house  
rise above seventy degrees in the  
winter. Air every room system-  
atically every day, no matter what  
the outdoor temperature may be.  
Always have fresh air in the bed-  
room; there is nothing so poisonous  
in the "night air," popular belief  
to the contrary notwithstanding.

In a word, don't be always afraid  
of catching cold; don't coddle, but  
meet cold and wet and changes of  
temperature, like a man—or rather,  
like a horse—and you will then run  
a better chance of being as strong  
as a horse.

Of course, you must strengthen  
your armor when it is weak, but if  
you recognize in yourself a weak  
place a "cold spot," don't cover it  
up with more clothes, but toughen  
it, and toughen your entire body  
until it is one homogeneous resist-  
ant whole.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A WASTED EFFORT.

One day recently, Constable Chris  
McMahon was on a Superior Street  
cargoeing east. Constable McMahon  
has a big heart and he is very fond  
of children. On the seat next to  
him sat a plainly dressed woman  
carrying a small baby. The baby  
cried in a fretful way and it hurt  
the feeling of Chris. Pretty soon  
he leaned toward the mother and  
said:—

"Madam, let me take your child  
and see if I can't stop its crying.  
I'm used to children. They all  
say I've got such a way with me,  
and maybe I can amuse it so it  
won't cry."

But the woman didn't pay the  
slightest attention and the child  
went on crying. The big-hearted  
constable turned to the mother again.

"Let me try and comfort the  
baby, ma'am," he said. "I hate  
to hear it cry so."

But the woman didn't even look  
up.

Finally the patience of Chris was  
entirely exhausted. He stood up  
in front of the woman and stretched  
out his arms.

"Madam," he cried, "your poor  
child will go into convulsions. Do  
let me take it."

Then the woman looked at him  
and made some queer gestures with  
her fingers.

"Say," said a sharp-faced girl in  
the seat just beyond the woman,  
"she's deaf an' dum", an' she can't  
hear youse ner de kid neither."

Luckily for Chris the woman and  
the baby left the car at the next  
stop.—*Cleveland Leader.*



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEWYORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
if not paid within six months, 1.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Spectimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Impurities concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weak

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most true,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

THE new St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is about to begin its active work in the spiritual welfare of the deaf. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet has been formally made Vicar, and although his recent severe spell of rheumatism has not entirely left him, he has so far recovered as to be able to use his fingers and arms in something approaching the clear and impressive style that has hitherto characterized his addresses in the "language of silence."

Two meetings have already been scheduled to take place in the basement of the church: the first a meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers, on the 22d inst., and a celebration, under the auspices of the Manhattan Literary Association, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on December 10th.

The latter will undoubtedly draw a large assemblage, and the former deserves to have a better attendance than at any of its previous meetings during the past several years. The Guild does good work unostentatiously, and has relieved suffering and distress ever since its inception, which dates back more than fifteen years.

The exact date of the beginning of religious services in the new church can not be definitely stated, because that will depend upon the completion of the work by the builder.

Looking upon the new church from the outside, it is a modest and unpretentious little building. But inside it is very well planned both as to seating and lighting, and the mural decorations are pleasing to the eye. It has a fine altar, lighted from above in such a way that the rays of light do not fall upon the faces of the congregation, while the light from the side windows, which are quite high, is calculated to obviate the glare and prevent any shadows from marring the effectiveness of the light that comes from the dome, which is directly over the altar. The floor slopes from the entrance towards the altar, so that the vision of those in the rear is not obstructed by those seated in front.

Whatever the differences of opinion in regard to the transactions from which this church for deaf-mutes has evolved, all should be united upon one point, which is that the deaf at last have a church in which to worship, and which is theirs to cherish and uphold. We hope all Episcopalians will show an appreciative spirit, and set a good example by observing the duty of regular attendance.

It has been asserted that the deaf are too "touchy" on the question of exclusiveness, and that their understanding of that word tends to exclusiveness. Any one acquainted with the intelligent, educated deaf, knows that the above sentiment misrepresents their attitude. We do not know a single deaf person who does not prize the friendship of the hearing. In fact, they are ever on the alert to make new friends among their more fortunate brethren who hear; so much so, that they neglect one another in their efforts to please those who hear.

What the deaf object to is that too often they are regarded as incumbrances, and proper subjects

for sympathy and charity. It is possible that the handicap of deafness does make a larger proportion of dependents than is found among those in possession of all the senses. But there is always a large majority who are imbued with the praiseworthy desire to be factors in their own salvation, and resent being treated as derelicts on the ocean of life, to be towed into port without any effort on their own part. The deaf want a seat in the boat, and to pull an oar side by side with the hearing. Then they can feel that there exists mutual respect and a condition of mutual assistance.

### "A Common Charge to Watch and Foster."

From the "Anniversary Sermon," preached at St. Matthew's Church, to the hearing congregation, by Rev. Dr. Krans, the following extract is made:—

"We have a common charge to watch and foster. We have now in this parish a common object to live and work for. We have a mission to cherish and fill. And a choicer one we need not ask. God must think well of us to give it into our hands. For it must be dear to him. Our Lord had marvelous self-control. He never laughed so far as we know, and only two or three times are we told that He cried or sighed. One of these was on seeing a man who could not hear or speak, and for whom, when he saw him He looked to Heaven in pity and prayer, took him aside, opened his ears and loosed his tongue, sighing and saying with tears almost in eye and voice, Ephphatha, or Be opened."

"It is to continue for Him in our own day so blessed a work that St. Ann's Church, the first in Christendom to provide a service in signs, has been given into our hands. Here is a charge which, as we believe in God, in Providence, in prayer and its answer, we must believe has been handed to us by the invisible hands of Deity, with the mandate, take this charge and cherish and guard it for me."

"Within one year of receiving it, we have built for it a church home in an attractive part of the city, and one that year by year will prove more suitable. It is henceforth ours to help and encourage, and we, I am sure, will accept the charge in gratitude and humility, and will do for it what we can."

## ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew V. Huth, of Cleveland, O., enjoyed a pleasant visit from Mr. Huth's sister, Miss Anna G. Huth, of Rochester, Pa., for a few days last week.

The *Companion* announces the death of Mrs. L. C. Tuck, wife of one of the teachers of the Minnesota School. Her maiden name was Helen A. Tibbits, and it was while employed at the California Institution over twenty years ago, that the acquaintance began that led to marriage.

Mrs. Katherine Beuermann and boy have been doing nicely. She takes him out in a perambulator every pleasant day, when possible, for the benefits of fresh air. The boy was christened Herbert Logue Beuermann, by Rev. Charles R. Corley, of St. Mary's Church, in Yonkers.

Mr. William Patterson will give a story of his experiences at Santiago to the members of the Westchester County Society of Deaf-Mutes and their friends in the parish house of St. John's Church, opposite Yonkers Station of the Northern Railway, on Saturday evening, November 19th, at 7.30 o'clock. Mr. Patterson was one of the 71st regiment boys who took part in the charge at San Juan hill. All deaf-mutes interested are invited to this lecture. The route to the church is from 155th Street Elevated Station to terminus of the Yonkers branch.

### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

#### NOVEMBER.

19-7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. Lecture.  
20-10.30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. Holy Communion.  
20-3 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.  
25-7.30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.  
26-7.30 P.M., St. John's, Oneida. Lecture.  
27-10 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.  
27-1.45 P.M., Trinity, Utica. Holy Communion.  
27-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 20TH, SUNDAY NEXT  
BEFORE ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, New York.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
Trinity Church, Newark.  
St. Mark's, Church, Tarrytown.

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH.

Thanksgiving Day, the 10.30 A.M. service and sermon in St. Matthew's Church, N. Y., will be interpreted for deaf-mutes.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Robbed in a Clothing Store.

#### A BEREAVED FAMILY.

### An Interesting Lecture—News Notes of Interest.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

On Saturday afternoon, 12th inst., Charles W. Campbell in company with his wife, entered the clothing store of Jacob Reed's Sons, on Chestnut Street above Broad, for the purpose of buying a new suit of clothes. Mr. Campbell is well known to one of the salesmen there and so he went right to him. Having selected a suit he was directed to a small apartment that had only a curtain for a door to try it on. He then returned to his salesman, leaving his old clothes in the apartment, and afterward, although it was a very brief interim, he found both his gold watch and money, amounting to eight dollars, gone. Together with his salesman a hasty search was made in the adjoining apartments, but in vain. The robbery was then reported to police headquarters and a detective was assigned to work upon it, but up to this writing he has apparently been unsuccessful. Mr. Campbell, in view of the circumstances, was generously allowed to keep the suit of clothes which he had selected. He regards the loss of the money a small matter, but he prized his gold watch very much, because it formerly belonged to his father, deceased.

Diphtheria carried off the eldest child of Thomas E. and Emma J. Jones, on the evening of November 6th. It was their only daughter, Lucia M., aged about six years. She was privately interred at Evergreen Cemetery, in Candem, New Jersey, on the day of her death. The bereaved parents have two more children, boys, both of whom are sick with the same disease, but, according to reports, there is some hope of their recovery. We extend our sincerest sympathy to the family.

Mrs. M. J. Syle and her children were taken sick on Saturday night, a week, but, fortunately none proved a serious case.

Prof. S. G. Davidson's postponed lecture was given before the Clerical Literary Association last Thursday evening, 10th. The weather, which was showery and exceedingly disagreeable, made a visible effect upon the attendance, only about thirty having braved it. Mr. Davidson's subject was "The English People." It was a model lecture and very interesting and instructive. He treated the subject thoroughly, first tracing the English race from the earliest times, and coming down to the present time. He spoke of the whole English-speaking race. He alluded interestingly to the much talked of alliance between England and America, and of the similarity of the two great peoples, which, he believed, were destined by Providence to lead in the civilization of the world.

Mr. Davidson was tendered a rising vote of thanks at the conclusion of his lecture.

Rev. J. M. Koehler baptized the infant boy of Mr. and Mrs. James Dougherty, at All Souls' Church, on Sunday afternoon. He was named Francis Andrew.

On November 10th, Jas. S. Reider, through his attorney, John P. Walker, bought the premises 1538 Dover Street, in the north western section of the city, on very satisfactory terms.

Last Saturday afternoon the 2d P. I. D. foot-ball team defeated the Chestnut Hill team on the former's grounds, by the score of 10 to 0.

The first P. I. D. team played at Lansdale, Pa., on the same day, defeating the Lansdale Athletic Association by the score of 12 to 6. Little and McAbee made touch downs. The tackling was good.

The members of the Ivanhoe Athletic Association, of Mt. Airy, are anxious to play a match game with the Gallaudets on either November 26th or December 3d. The Association, however, has not yet decided to send a challenge, but a meeting will be held on Tuesday evening of this week, when a decision may be looked for. Should such a game be arranged, it will doubtless draw a large crowd, and we trust that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations.

Capt. Outland, of the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team, has invited Messrs. F. C. Smielau and R. E. Underwood to witness a private practice game tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon. The team is practicing to play the Cornell team on Thanksgiving Day.

The usual Thanksgiving evening service will be held at All Souls' Church on Thanksgiving morning, at 10.30 o'clock.

At the benefit for All Souls' Mission entertainment on Thanksgiving evening, the plays "Mons. Toupet, the Barber," and "Vol au Vent and

the Millers," will be given in pantomime, making them easily understood by people unacquainted with the sign-language. They will be played in All Souls' Hall, beginning at 8 P.M. The price of admission will be fifteen cents which includes refreshments.

At a meeting, held at the home of Mr. Henry M. Wisler, at Wayne Junction, last Friday evening, which was attended by about ten oral graduates, it was decided to arrange a masquerade ball for the evening of December 31st. The following Committee of Arrangements was appointed:

Luke McGuckin, Manager; Henry M. Wisler, Treasurer; Chas. M. Pennell, William F. Fries, Thomas Wallwork, Edward Metzel, Mr. Hartig. Tickets of admission, including gentleman and lady, will cost fifty cents. Refreshments will be on sale. It is not stated yet where the ball will be held.

The persons concerned in this new movement are all young men for whom we have none but the kindest wishes. While we do not wish to discourage them, we would caution them of the responsibilities of such an affair—that is, if it is to be attempted upon a large scale. The Clerical Literary Association, the most influential organization of the deaf in this city, has already tried the experiment and found it so unprofitable that the Association is shy of trying again. The larger the affair, the more expensive it is.

If our young friends have not money making as their object, it is possible to arrange very enjoyable balls at small expense. This is done by limiting the number of attendants and conducting it on a private scale, assessing only for expenses.

John Q. Hahn, has returned to the city, after a long absence. He had been traveling in this and neighboring states.

Mr. F. C. Smielau, left for Baltimore, Md., last Friday, and was the guest of Rev. O. J. Whildin for a few days.

Mr. Leisersohn has lost his job at Mundel's Shoe factory, owing, perhaps, to impaired sight. We are sorry for him.

#### A STRANGE SENTENCE.

In 1801, a man died in the Catskills, who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701, and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, shunned by his neighbors and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and, according to the usage of the times, virtually held her in bondage, until her passage money had been refunded.

Unable to endure any longer, the raging temper of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence, the man set off in an angry chase upon his horse, and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder.

At the trial, he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, run away, pitched him out of the saddle and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks, but the jury did not accept the defense, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold.

Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relations. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death, until the prisoner should be 99 years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance, and that, pending the final execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his his neck and show himself before the judges, of Catskill, once a year to prove that he wore his badges of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruel decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Thus Rph Sutherland lived. He always lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, imperious manner had gone.

Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

At last his ninety-ninth year came, the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench; but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would accuse him or execute the sentence. Indeed the awful restriction that had bound his life so intimately to the expiation of his crime was now legally removed.

But the spirit of self-punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three-quarters of a century before—*Youth's Companion.*

## STATE OF OHIO.

### Welcoming Home the 4th Ohio.

#### WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG THE DEAF.

#### A Death--A Baptism--And Other Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Sunday, the citizens of Columbus, welcomed back home those of their sons who had offered their lives in defense of their country during the late unpleasantness between the United States and Spain. It was the 4th Regiment, O. V. I., and it did good service in Puerto Rico. And such a welcome it received! Societies civil and military, employees of stores and factories, turned out to honor the boys. The parade was one of the longest yet seen here since the G. A. R. gathering in the eighties. Superintendent Jones took care that the older boys should have a share in honoring the boys. Dinner was served at 11.30, and then, each carrying a flag, a procession was formed, and took position on Third Street, between Town and Rich Streets. When the 4th Regiment passed them, the waving of the flags by the children presented a stirring scene.

All the railroads centering in the city ran excursion trains, and, as a consequence, there were quite a number of deaf, who came here. Notably among them were Mr. and Mrs. Hoy. Every body in the institution was glad to see them, and especially those who had heard so often of Mr. Hoy, but never had an opportunity to see the real article. Mr. and Mrs. Hoy left in the evening for Baden, Ind., where, after a stay of ten days, they will make Cincinnati their home for the winter. With the opening of next season's games, Mr. Hoy will be found with the Louisville Club, having already been engaged. Mr. Hoy tells us that he is very well pleased with the management and players of the club, and that the former treat their men far better than those of some of the clubs he has played with. Others of the deaf here were John Reye, of Cleveland—a certain attraction seems to bring him down—Harry O'Donnell, Isaac Goldberg and James E. Shophire, all of Cincinnati. From them, we learn that the Cincinnati deaf are doing well, none being out of work.

Mr. C. S. Deem and family was in town during the week, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Leib. They were on their way to Jackson, Mississippi, the school there opening on November 23d, the yellow-fever having been laid out with the advent of frost. Mr. Deem spent some time visiting the classes, and no doubt went away chuck full of new ideas to help him in his own work, be being a teacher, editor, printer, in the Mississippi school. Rev. Job Turner, unexpectedly turned up here Wednesday, and was cordially welcomed. He was in Wheeling Sunday, where he preached to a congregation of the deaf. While here he visited a number of the class rooms, and told the pupils of the advantages they had over those of his time. He left here for Washington, D. C., and we may expect him back before long.

Mrs. Emma J. Evans died at her home near Glenford, Perry Co., November 3d, leaving a husband and three children to mourn her departure. She was the daughter of Mr. John Barns, whom many of the deaf of Ohio have seen here at the reunions. She was educated in this school, and in April 14th, 1887, was married to Mr. Frank M. Evans by Rev. A. W. Mann. Four children were born of this union, one dying in infancy. The burial took place November 4th, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Bowman, and were interpreted by Rev. Benjamin Talbot. Quick consumption was the cause of her death.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard are for the present making their home in Columbus, owing to the Nail Factory in Findlay, where Mr. Bard worked, having shut down. Mr. Bard has found work in the Columbus Bicycle Factory for a while at least. They are staying with a sister, Mrs. Siegwart, on Oak St. Miss Emma Bard has also returned from a visit to Findlay, and there being no work yet in the bindery. She is off for a while in Grove City, with a sister Mrs. Simon Kingry.

There was an interesting spectacle at the First Baptist Church, Sunday evening, witnessed by the whole congregation. This was the baptizing of five deaf-mutes by the pastor—namely, Misses Kitty Munnell and Sarah Cottrill, Mrs. Beniah Crout Miller, and Messrs. Frank Reitman and Frank Jones.

Mr. John F. Schild, of Canton, had a close call Saturday morning last. He had just started the fire in the stove, when all of a sudden an explosion followed. The flames struck his face, and for a time he did not know where he was at. He was badly burned in the face, and was compelled to lay off from work for a few days. The cause of the explosion is thought to have been some powder, which was left in the coal when it was mined.

Mr. C. W. Charles, foreman of the printing office, has gotten out a booklet—"Manual of Printing"—that will prove of valuable aid to pupils of schools for the deaf where in printing is being taught; in fact, it is a useful little volume for all printers to go by. It gives certain rules for promotion, and technical terms generally used in a printing office, with hints and facts to guide a printer by.

The institution now has an attendance of 470 pupils, the highest ever yet gained, and still more are likely to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbin Alkire, of Mt. Sterling, were in town Saturday on a shopping expedition, but were unable to visit the Institution for want of time.

Nov. 12, '98. A. B. G.

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Nov. 12, '98. A. B. G.

#### THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"A fine public house," said Blanco Watson, the humorist.

"Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position—away from the highroad, and surrounded by villas."

"A very strange position. We will rest in the public house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."

I smiled and followed him into the saloon bar. We sat at one of the tables and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.

"The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago."

"Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels."

"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them, when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl met him at a turn of the stairway and began to shriek. He rushed by her and to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened and knew that the house was fully aroused."

"I undertsand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public house in an out-of-the-way place, hoping that Bill, as an out-of-the-way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."

Blanco Watson frowned.

"This is an intellectual story," he said. "It does not depend on coincidences."

"I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the byroads as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighborhood of London."

"A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed, he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted 20 steps due north from the tree and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it and filled it up again."

"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognized it. In due course he was tried."

The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man she met on the stairs. Some of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previous to the burglary."

He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. "Bill behaved very well in prison and at the end of five years was released on a ticket of leave."

He decided to wait until the ticket had expired and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field.

"There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But as he turned a corner he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth."

"It was the tree 20 steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognized it immediately and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaned against the railing, covering his face with his hands."

"It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help."

"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that as he had no friends it was not easy."

"The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. Was it not his duty as head deacon of the chapel to be a friend to Bill? Clearly it was."

"He took Bill home with him. He was a bachelor, and there was no one to restrain his benevolence. They had supper and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well educated and offered him employment."

He was a builder in the neighborhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer and began his new career on the following Monday.

Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he was the most regular attendant in the chapel.

"Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew that money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel, because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just 20 steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea."

"Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often intrusted with a collection box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterward it was known that having no near relatives he had left his property to his friend William Jones."

"I see," I exclaimed. "Bill!"

Blanco Watson shook his head. "Bill was Bill no longer," he said. "He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future we must refer to him as Mr. Jones and not as Bill."

"Mr. Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members, and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district, and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels."

"The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must elect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighborhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what they cost him. He would purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great."

"The proposal was well received and a committee, with Mr. Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favorable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal."

"The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr. Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr. Jones purchased the old one at a high price and entered into possession."

"And then," I said, "I suppose he got the jewels?"

Blanco Watson laughed. "No," he said, "he did not. He broke up the floor himself, counted the steps due north from the tree again and dug. He did not find the jewels. He counted the steps again and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places; but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels."

"Why, what had become of them?"

"I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was not the one Mr. Jones first saw. Again—"

"And what has the story to do with the public house? But I can guess."

"Of course you can. Mr. Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that by false pretenses they had led him into buying the old chapel dearly and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public house—this public house in which we have sat so long."



# GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

## The Gallaudets Defeat Johns Hopkins.

### AND WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

#### A Detailed Account of the Gallaudet - Johns Hopkins Game--Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14.—To the somewhat startling surprise of the most optimistic foot ball enthusiast of Gallaudet, the black and blue colors of Johns Hopkins University on Saturday went down in overwhelming defeat before the terrific rushes of the men who fought for the Buff and Blue. Startling because, while all expected Gallaudet to win, no one in the least hoped for such a great victory. The quick work of Gallaudet and the smashing of the line by her backs bewildered and paralyzed the Hopkins team from the very beginning. Not but once did Hopkins get the ball, except at the kick-off, and that was on a fumble by one of the Gallaudet backs. She did not even then hold possession of it long enough for her men to recover their breath. The defence of Gallaudet held like a stone wall, and after a few short gains the Hopkins backs were thrown for losses and the ball went to Gallaudet to be held by her through out the rest of the game. Two short halves, one for twenty and the other for ten minutes, was sufficient time for Gallaudet to pile up the score to twenty-eight to none, five touch downs and three goals.

It was a great game from a Gallaudet view-point. It was the sort of startling game that makes a foot-ball rooter yell himself hoarse. There were sensations, thick and fast, from the very beginning; for the Hopkins supporters, they were distressingly gloomy and heart-rending, and for those whose stood for Gallaudet they were equally as exhilarating and joy inspiring. "What next?" was the query upon every body's lips, and the next thing was pretty apt to be a long end run that shifted the play from midfield to dangerous proximity to Hopkins goal, if it did not carry it over; or else it would be a rush for the line by a Gallaudet back and the scattering of the Hopkins tacklers right and left, in heaps or bunched up singly, and mayhap stretched out bleeding and gasping for breath, or writhing in real or assumed agony over a twisted arm, leg, neck, or something or other.

It was about eight o'clock when the news of the great victory reached Kendall Green, and though many of the students were with the team, yet the joy, excitement, and uproar, was as great perhaps as the Gallaudet halls ever witnessed before. The students hugged each other in a perfect delirium of joy and some of the professors were equally delighted, lending their presence to the reception given the team upon its return, and even accompanying the team to the dining room to supper, a place which they had not entered since the Alumni banquet several years ago. A bonfire, the like of which has not been seen here in a long time, was a feature of the evening's celebration.

The winning of this game gives the Intercollegiate Championship to Gallaudet, as Western Maryland College has disbanded her team and forfeited to us.

The standing of the Colleges in the League at present is given below, and shows that no matter what the result of the League games yet to be played, the banner must come to Gallaudet.

COLLEGE.	WON.	LOST.	PER CENT.
Gallaudet.	4	0	1000
Johns Hopkins.	2	1	666
St. John's.	1	1	500
Western Maryland.	1	3	225
M'd Agricultural.	0	3	0

Western Maryland forfeited a game to Gallaudet.

The game with Johns Hopkins in detail is here given, because it is probably the last important game of the season: Gallaudet kicked off to Hopkins' twenty-five-yard line. The home team ran it back ten yards, and then gained ten more before Gallaudet settled down to stop them, which she now proceeded to do in short order, and got the ball on downs. Andree was tried first, and struck the line for five yards. Then, on the second line up, Geilfuss went around Hopkins right wing for a brilliant run of thirty-five yards, being finally downed on Hopkins' five-yard line, from which point Waters was rushed over for Gallaudet's first touch down. Bumgardner kicked the goal: Score: Gallaudet, 6; Hopkins, 0. Time—five and a half minutes.

Hopkins' kick-off went to Andree on the ten-yard line. He rushed it back twelve yards. Waters ploughed through the line for three yards;

L. Rosson tried for one yard and Waters again for three. Stutsman circled Hopkins' end and evaded his tacklers till he had netted twenty yards. L. Rosson and Waters were sent against the line for two and five yards respectively. Here a fumble lost the ball to Gallaudet, but Hopkins only succeeded in making ten yards before she was forced to give it up on downs. Gallaudet's ends then fell back behind the line to try for end runs. Geilfuss was first tried and gained four yards; then Stutsman, who, aided by good interference, placed the ball forty-three yards nearer the enemy's goal line. L. Rosson gained one yard, and Stutsman tried again and wasn't stopped until he had crossed the line and added five points more to Gallaudet's score. Goal failed. Score: Gallaudet, 11; Hopkins, 0. Time—four and a half minutes.

Hopkins' kick-off again went to Andree on the five-yard line and was carried back twenty yards. L. Rosson gained one, and Andree four yards. Then came what was perhaps the most sensational run of the game, Waters was given the ball and sent against Hopkins' centre with such force as to almost paralyze it, and he was not stopped until he had run seventy-two and a half yards for a touch-down. Goal was successful. Score: Gallaudet, 17; Hopkins, 0. Time—two minutes.

Hopkins kicked off to Andree on the ten-yard line, who forced his way back twenty yards. He then ploughed through the line for ten more, and Waters tried twice for twelve. Then after a few short gains by Waters, L. Rosson, and a run of ten yards by Stutsman, time for the first half was called with the ball in Gallaudet's possession on Hopkins' twenty-five-yard line.

The second half opened with a kick-off by Hopkins to Waters on the two-yard line and he again paralyzed the Hopkins aggregation by taking it back to the center of the field. Geilfuss made two yards and Andree smashed the line to pieces and gained thirty-seven. Geilfuss circled the end for ten yards and put the ball on Hopkins' five-yard line, from whence Andree bucked through the line for a touchdown. Goal was kicked and the score stood: Gallaudet, 23; Hopkins, 0. Time—two and a half minutes.

Hopkins' next kick-off went only ten yards to Hemstreet, who was tackled in his tracks. Andree and L. Rosson alternating netted ten yards, and Stutsman dodged around the end for fifteen. Geilfuss tried the other side for ten more.

Hopkins here braced up a little with the result that Gallaudet barely gained the required five yards on four downs. The ball was near Hopkins' goal now and after a trial netting two yards by L. Rosson, Waters was tried repeatedly for four times, making a touchdown. Goal failed. Score: Gallaudet, 28; Hopkins, 0. Time—five and a half minutes. It was now quite dark, and after two and a half minutes of play time was called, leaving the final score as above.

The line up:

GALLAUDET.	POSITIONS.	JOHNS HOPKINS.
Geilfuss.	Left End.	Stewart.
W. Rosson.	Left Tackle.	Andree.
Jones.	Left Guard.	McFarland.
Hemstreet.	Centre.	Bull.
Brooks.	Right Guard.	Hancock.
Carpenter.	Right Tackle.	Wright.
Stutsman.	Right End.	Bruton.
Bumgardner.	Quarter Back.	Robinson.
Andree.	Right Half Back.	Griffin.
L. Rosson.	Left Half Back.	Gugenheimer.
Waters.	Full Back.	Butler.

Referee—Mr. Feltch of St. John's College. Umpire—Mr. Goodrich, of M'd Athletic Club. Linesman—O'Brien, of Gallaudet and Lindheim, of Johns Hopkins. Timekeepers—Stielau, Gallaudet, '98, and Strauss, Johns Hopkins. Time of game—twenty and ten minute halves.

The second eleven defeated Gonzaga College on Monday, 28 to 0. The Gonzaga team was composed of a fleshy lot, but they didn't know any thing about the game.

Five of the bicycle enthusiasts started out to wheel to Baltimore to see the game. The party consisted of Long, '00, Haines, G. Clark, J. Clark and Strong, '02. Long punctured his tire about eight miles from the city and had to walk back. J. Clark ran into something, or some body, while going down a hill, and left part of the skin from one side of his face behind. They reached Baltimore, after getting out of the way a few times, in time to witness the game. But all concluded to take the train back.

Morris, '01, was made the victim of rather an amusing joke, Friday. Some of the students, led by Fisher, '01, pretended that they were going to walk to Baltimore, and invited him to join the party. He, not expecting any joke, eagerly accepted, and was so enthusiastic about giving his advice to the members of the party perfecting the plans for the trip, that he was elected to captain the party, and straightway went off to consult Prof. Draper, who has twice made the trip on foot. He soon returned and reported having learned that the thing was easy. The time fixed for the start was 3.30 A.M., and he as captain was to wake up his charges and have breakfast over before that hour. Then after getting a promise from the servants to have breakfast at 3 o'clock, he went off to bed with an alarm clock set to go off a few minutes before that time.

The clock worked all right and he

was in his walking costume in short order and off to rouse his men. They jumped up when called, one at a time, but when he left to call others, they put out the lights and went back to bed. He wasn't long in discovering the joke, and they say that there was something of a racket before each door when he found it out. But not getting any body up he went and breakfasted by himself, and then departed, saying that he wasn't a coward and could make the trip alone, but before noon he was on the Green, and reported that he had returned because of hearing that the J. H. U. players were all dead.

The "Lit" held its third literary meeting of the year Friday night. Mr. Ballard, '66, opened the exercises with an interesting and instructive lecture on "The Destiny of the United States." The debate was upon the question: "Resolved, That commerce has contributed more to the advancement of civilization than manufactures." The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. Runde, '01, and Steideman, '02. The negative was supported by Morris, '01 and Shaper, '02. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, but it should be said that the negative side lost because of a misunderstanding of the question, they arguing as if it read "modern civilization" instead of simply "civilization." Messrs. Hemstreet, '01, and Haines, '02, gave a rather long dialogue entitled "Sir Robert Bramble and Sam Humphrey," and the meeting was closed with a declamation: "Loch-invar," from Scott's "Marmion," by Swanson, '02.

The reporter from the girls' side reports "nothing" as the news of the week. They used to have an athletic association over there, but nothing has been heard of it this year.

Wyand, '01, was the only student to go home for the purpose of voting. He came back with a bandaged head, but he says it's one of "Job's comforters" and not the result of an election scrape.

Miss Bell has been elected President of the Normal Class. "Where are the boys at?"

R. S. T.

From Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Chatham, both deaf-mutes, of Altoona, Pa., recently called on Mr. J. Grier Clark and his wife, of Isett, Pa., near Williamsburg, Blair County, on the 15th, and remained over Sunday, returning home in the evening of the 17th. On that Sunday afternoon, J. Grier Clark took his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chatham to drive through the town of Coveade, then to Williamsburg, where they stopped to see Grier's father and family for a while. Afterward they drove to Yellow Spring and Mt. Etna (Isett, Pa.), and arrived at Grier's farm at 6 P.M. They enjoyed their trip very much and the grand view of Tussey Mountain on the east and Lock Mountain on the west, both mountains abounding in stone quarries.

Miss Cora Armstrong, of Elderton, Armstrong County, Pa., who graduated last June from Edgewood Park, is a sister of Mrs. J. Grier Clark. Cora intended to visit her married hearing sister, Mrs. Culbertson, of Ft. Palmer, Pa., near Ligonier, Pa., a few weeks ago, but owing to an intended visit of her aunt Henderson, of Effingham, Kansas, and Mr. James Smith, and his daughter Annie, (cousins) of Atchison, Kansas, to their old homes at Elderton, Pa., she postponed her visit. Her aunt and cousins will return to their western homes on November 8th. Cora expects to go to Ft. Palmer on a visit in November, and will remain for about three or four weeks.

J. G. C.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.		
17-7.30 P.M.	Cleveland.	Service.
18-7.00 P.M.	Brie.	Service.
19-2.00 P.M.	Oil City.	Service.
20-11.00 A.M.	Pittsburgh.	Holy Communion.
20-3.00 P.M.	Pittsburgh.	Service.
21-3.00 P.M.	Chicago.	Service.
27-11.00 A.M.	Chicago.	Holy Communion.
27-3.00 P.M.	Chicago.	Service.

Other appointments may be made between these, in case of which notice will be given by mail.

Keeping Good Company.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," is a proverb as true as it is old. By constant association we grow to be like our companions in character and disposition. We imitate their right and wrong, and our characters are made good or bad according as the influence exercised over us by our daily companions is salutary or unwholesome. Books exercise as strong an influence over their readers as men do over their associates. Many a criminal owes his crimes and his sufferings to the fact that his youthful mind was poisoned by literature fit only for the flames, while many a noble character has been formed out of rough material by the influence of a close companionship with good books.—Sel.

It's surprising how easy it is to get something you don't want.

# NEW YORK.

## The Last, but Not Final Meet of the Silent Wheelmen.

### THE ORGANIZATION NOT DISBANDED YET.

#### What Has Occurred Among the Deaf in the Greater City the Past Week.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 9th Street, New York City.

There is a quaint frame house on the thick by settled, but rapidly building-up part of the Western Boulevard, near 121st Street, that night in cold days have been the home of some more than well-to-do people, if it was not a church or a school house, as its type would suggest. It is painted white, but still looks antique, partly covered with foliage, and except for the shingle which reads "College Tavern," it would seem to have been an abandoned cottage, but inside reveals an up-to-date cafe and restaurant, while the upper floor contains a banquet and a billiard room; indeed very picturesque with the rounded top-swinging windows; the fireplace and all the traces of the architecture of the early settlers; the front part of the banquet room being of paneled glass, as if it had served as a conservatory to the evidently aristocratic dwellers.

It was here where the Silent Wheelmen assembled last Tuesday evening, November 8th, to dine and be merry, and a better place could not have been selected; for the service was excellent, and the cooking worthy of the chef that juggles the kitchen utensils in a hotel of no mean boniface's superintendency.

Oysters on the half shell headed the menu, and these disposed of with a keen relish, came chicken soup a la Reine, followed by Sauton et Sauce Genoise. How palatable! There was a sense of extreme satisfaction. The sixteen members of the club that surrounded the table were unanimous that it was tip-top. Their countenances bespoke it. President Soper and J. F. O'Brien, the retiring president, were at one end, cracking jokes, and the mirth reverberated to the other end, at which sat Treasurer Capelli and Lieutenant Hodgson and Second Lieutenant Fox, while on either side were Secretary Frankenheim, Captain Le Clercq, Color-Bearer McVea, A. C. Bachrach, J. Alexander, H. Kohlman, C. McManus, T. W. Haight, W. S. Abrams, F. W. Meinken and T. I. Lounsbury.

And in a happy frame of mind were they. Everything was good. But then came a hitch. "Ordinaire" had been ordered by a person in authority. Another "authority," self-assumed, sprang to his feet, and called out: Stop! stop! The waiters sprang back affrighted. Then for a whole hour it was a hot debate. The "aifs." and "nays," were in about equal proportion, and argued with all the force of a Hamlet in a thrilling scene. The waiters tip-toed down stairs, and started another debate among themselves. But finally the order was honored, and between mouthfuls the talk waxed hotter and hotter till it was unanimously decided that politics was not quite so warm. The other courses were gone through, each getting a grand opportunity to get cold under the tumultuous force of argument sent whizzing across the table.

But finally came coffee, and the cigars took the place of the prolonged debate, and all settled back in their chairs to watch the clouds of smoke that reminded them of the clouds after the cannon's thunderous roar. A few speeches were made, after which the billiard tables were patronized, while others sat down to discuss the possible result of the election, and at eleven thirty the quaint frame house was evacuated. It had been but a wordy battle, and a "feast of reasoning" to be sure, and an exhilarating confabulation.

The quaint frame house still stands.

The "Silent Wheelmen" still stands; it is not busted yet. President Soper will call the quarterly meeting to order in February.

"Behold the different climes agree, Rejoicing in thy restoration."

Owen W. Healey has demonstrated his ability to do some real racing, and on the Hudson County Boulevard on Election day, he held his own against the Battery Wheelmen's best pick of a racer. The distance was twenty-five miles, against a stiff wind, and so no time record was made. There were several relays of watchers, and Healey bent every fresh relay rider, forging away through the gale, with his competitor nowhere in the race from the beginning, and at

the fifteenth mile, he was compelled to retire, and Healey was declared the winner, receiving a gold eagle as a prize. Healey is anxious for a race with Marshall, but admits that he would have a strong rival in G. M. Donovan.

Mrs. Frank Lindermann (nee Eckert) gave birth to a baby boy on Nov. 6th, and Daddy Lindermann is the proud head of the family containing also another boy and a girl. The boys will vote in Brooklyn twenty-one years hence, if they do not remove.

George Berner is one of the lucky printers who have a real good job. He has been in the Martin B. Brown establishment for six years or so, and draws a fat envelope every week.

Miss Rollina M. Cummins is a new recruit to the Brooklyn deaf community, having come from Chicago. She lives at 261 Atlantic Avenue, and would be pleased to have deaf ladies call on her, as she feels in a strange land.

Another case is in the courts in which the deaf figure. Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobs, a deaf-mute, is suing Mrs. Mary Mathies, who is said to be one of the richest landowners in Harlem, for \$10,000 damages for a blackened eye. She also caused the arrest of Mrs. Mathies on the same ground, and Mrs. Mathies was locked up for more than six hours before she could get bail. Mrs. Jacobs and her husband, Levy Jacobs, who is also a deaf-mute, had lived for years at 174 East One Hundred and Forty-second Street. On Nov. 7th last they notified Mrs. Mathies, their landlady, that they intended moving that day. Mrs. Mathies drove to the Jacobs' home, and it is said, demanded rent for the whole of November. Mrs. Jacobs refused to pay, whereupon, it is alleged, Mrs. Mathies grabbed her by the hair and used her face for a punching bag for several minutes.

Who'd have thought of going to Coney Island in November a few years ago? Now the cyclists think nothing of a spin there any pleasant day, even in the dead of winter. Stauch's pavilion is open all the year around.

He is no longer Captain Soper. He is the president of the Club now, but will have to pass as plain Mr. I. N. Soper until he is elected President of the United States, but none of us may live to see that day. I have spoken of his speciality-built-to-order wheel. Soper declared it ran almost automatically, and averred it was hard to hold it down to a normal pace. So loud did he get to be in his praise of it that he hunted up "Webster's Bridged," and one Sunday morning exultantly exclaimed that his wheel was a "highly spirited horse." He had laid it against the curb and stepped aside for a minute. During his absence one of his companions put the wheel away in another place. When Soper returned, he threw up his hands, his face became pale white and then crimson red. "My wheel! My wheel!" he exclaimed. Then he almost tottered and fell; but bracing up, he started in every direction at once, exclaiming:

"My wheel! My wheel!"

"What wheel?" inquired Reginald.

"My wheel! My wheel! If was there a moment ago. My—"

"Oh, your highly spirited horse," chimed Reginald. "Why your horse ran away to the other side of the street?" And Soper could feel his blood turn from warm to cold and back again as he joyously trundled his "highly spirited horse" on to the ferry boat.

But Soper had his revenge later in the day. Reginald wanted to go home, and insisted on it. He started in that direction, and Soper had to follow. Soper alone knew the way, and he purposely turned up a street, Reginald following and believing they were going home. When Reginald finally "tumbled" he was five miles further away from home than he had been when they first started for home. But the "horse" episode had been avenged, and both disappeared inside "Turnpike Road House" for a hot lemonade.

Lottie Collins, the "Ta-ra-boom-de-aye" singer, has a little girl who is deaf and dumb.

Messrs. Jacques Loew, M. Sonneborn and E. Souweine, are a committee arranging for the M. L. A.'s annual celebration of the Gallaudet Day on December 10th. An admission price of fifty cents will be charged. Particulars will appear later.

Next Tuesday the deaf will have an opportunity to see the inside of the new St. Ann's Church. The Guild of Silent Workers meets there, and everybody is welcome.

T. W. Brown is looking for a political job, and has a good chance.

A. V. Ballin is now back to his home in Pearl River, twenty-six miles up. Two years later he may again be heard in politics.

Did you vote right?

Hurrah! for Roosevelt.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20.	
10.30 A.M.	St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.
3 P.M.	St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer.
H. VAN ALLEN, Lay-Missionary.	

# CHICAGO.

## Mr. J. Schuyler Long's Lecture

### ON "WHY WE LAUGH."

#### The News in a Condensed Form.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

Mr. J. Schuyler Long graciously accepted the invitation of the Ladies' Aid Society to give a lecture for its benefit, and those who turned out were amply repaid for the trouble of attending. It was at once interesting and instructive, and it is to be hoped that Handell Hall will be graced by lecturers of the same calibre. He felicitated himself upon the fact that a sore throat prevented him from making his lecture orally, and therefore he would fall back on the language of signs. At this juncture cries of "hats off" flew from finger to finger, and there was a pulling out of murderous looking pins from the heads of the women, as they separated their bonnets, and seemed none the worse for the operation. Then the speaker resumed his subject "Why We Laugh." Some ancient philosopher, Plato it is supposed, got to defining man as a biped without feathers, and it remained unchallenged till the old cynic tub-philosopher, Diogenes, got hold of a fowl, stipped it of its feathers and let it loose saying: "There goes the biped of Plato's." So Plato's definition went into thin air and a definition is needed. The lecturer would define man as an animal that laughs, and holds it to be correct, as he is the only in the whole animal kingdom who can laugh. Its value is to be found as an offset for melancholia or excessive misery, as cited in the proneness of the Irish to mirth while suffering great poverty and privation, which would imply that humor and pathos spring from the same source. It has commanded the attention of Horace, the Roman poet, for his inquiry, *quid ridemus?* (Why do you laugh?) is famous, and those know that as a man of the world, Horace is always represented with plump cheeks, as if he himself laughed and enjoyed life a good deal. It has bubbled like fresh springs through the writings of Field, Dickens, Irving, Thackeray and others. The explanation why people who laugh so much is based upon physical grounds. There are sixteen facial muscles and constant laughter keeps them exercised. Some people laugh with their whole bodies, from head to foot; they shake like a lump of jelly and grow plump. In the human system there is a fluid known as the humorous fluid. Let a ludicrous idea strike the mind, this fluid is set in motion as if from a pump. It may be more developed in some than in others, and hence the rise of the saying, "He is a man of good humor."

Hobbes contended that "great men do not laugh," and if a man did, it was a sign that he was not great. Instances of great men enjoying jokes and stories, as Lincoln, and most judges and lawyers, disprove the theory entirely.

It is unexplainable why some people find misery in others the occasion of mirth, as for instance if one has boils on his neck and meets a "friend" on the street, the latter will stretch one hand for a shake and put the other to his mouth to repress the risibilities gathering at the corners of his mouth.

Some wit has defined humor as the offspring of the marriage of wit and mirth. Generally it thrives best in free soil. It is very little developed in Spain or Italy and better in France and England. The sense of humor is so little developed in the Scotchman, that a writer has said that it would require his head to be chopped open with an ax in order to put it in. At the same time the question, of sense humor in the writer himself may be open to question if he thinks there is more chance of engraving it in a dead Scotchman rather than in a live one. The Dutch are so proverbially phlegmatic, that it is no use trying to reach their sense of the ludicrous. Somewhere in Holland the question rose in a party "which caught the hook—the codfish, or vice versa?" It found champions and the debate waxed hot for two hundred years. One day a man with a bushel of meal was passing, when he overheard two men quarreling over the hook-codfish question. He led them to a stream and emptied the meal. Now, he asked of the men, what is there in the bushel? Nothing, they said. Well, he replied, your quarrel is like this empty bushel—nothing. In emptying it, it strikes one's sense of

humor that he was as much a fool as the other two.

The tendency towards irreverence in children is sometimes to be deplored, though the form it takes is often amusing. A preacher lectured about Elijah and the bears to a crowd of Sunday school children, and admonished them not to say "Go up, old bald head," or bears would come out. But what does Johnny do but go out, meet the first bald-headed man and cry: "Go up, old bald head," "Now come on, bears!" Lincoln once got back at the office-seekers for pestering him, with this story. A certain king consulted his weather prophet about the weather before going out hunting. The latter looked at the sky, looked wise and said there would be no rain. Thereupon the king and his retinue went out. On the way they met a charcoal man with a donkey. They exchanged salutations, during which the coal man advised the king to go back, as it would rain. He refused, and was subsequently caught in the storm. The king sent for the coal man. "How did you foretell the weather, my man," he asked. "Oh, easy enough; you see, my donkey is a fine weather prophet. When his ears show to the front it is a sign that the weather will be pleasant. If back, unpleasant." Thereupon the king beheaded his weather prophet and installed the donkey as weather prophet, and with a twinkle of the eye, Lincoln emphasized these words: "But there was no end of trouble after that, for all the asses in the kingdom wanted an office."

Refreshments were served after the lecture, but coffee was served instead of the tea, which led the blind mute, Mr. Shelby, to remark, naively, that it was pink coffee! Mrs. Long accompanied her husband from Delavan, and says that it is not going to be her last visit, as she had a pleasant time.

Otto Lucht, of Wanatah, Ind., is visiting his brother and sister at Hammond, Ind., as he finds there is not much to do on the farm now.

Mrs. Scott has broken up house-keeping and goes to Toronto, Canada, to visit her niece at the end of the month. Is she afraid that there are no turkeys in Canada, that she has postponed going after Thanksgiving?

W. C. Cullingworth, well known in Philadelphia, where he did pioneer work in establishing All Souls' Church, as warden and trustee, is a frequent visitor at the Methodist Church. He is still a wood engraver by profession and works at several places. Gives his opinion that the "disorganizer" at Philadelphia ought to be suppressed.

Mesdames Colby and Huff started for Joliet to hear the family will probated. Meanwhile Mr. Colby is working for Donohue, Hennebry & Co., and doubtless keeping his ears near the phone, awaiting the result.

Mr. Perry has resumed work at painting, at Pullman, and looks more contented than he did last summer. We hope it is steady this time.

Mr. McCutcheon, of the Record, was at the Methodist chapel taking notes of Mr. Hasenstab's work for his paper. His brother is the famous artist-correspondent of Deway's fleet that kept the Record, wall posted on events at and near Manila.

CAUTIOUS PRAISE.

Mr. Orchardson the famous English artist, has lately given the public an insight into his experiences with golf—that mysterious game, so fascinating to the initiated, of which the charm is so incomprehensible to the outsider.

It is but recently that Mr. Orchardson, who is past middle life although in the prime of healthful vigor, has transferred his affections from hunting and tennis, his former favorite sports, to the national game of his country—for he is a Scotchman. He played his first game of golf at St. Andrews.

"I remember," he says, "I had the queerest, most solemn looking caddie imaginable I made a fearful mess of it at first, and the little chap looked on without a word. At last, when I had finished the round, he looked up at me in the funniest way and simply said, 'It's nae use playing golf unless ye lairn it as a laddie.'"

"But I must tell you that the next day I had this same caddie, and I got on much better. I was almost annoyed by him for not praising me, for he was as silent as on the day before. But when he finished, he turned to me and said, as if resuming our last conversation, 'Aweel, A' dinna ken.'"

Being a Scot himself, the artist was therefore satisfied with what he doubtless interpreted as a handsome apology and hearty encouragement.

A New Problem of Law.

A dumb prisoner who can't read or write is providing a delicate problem in law for one of the London courts. He can plead neither guilty nor not guilty, and is unable to communicate with his solicitor, which is one of his privileges. So the question is raised whether a special act of parliament will be required.



# FANWOOD.

## How the News of the Princeton-Yale Game was Received.

## "CUBA, PORTO RICO AND THEIR PEOPLE."

## Various News Items Gleaned From Here and There.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Yale-Princeton foot ball team last Saturday, stirred up the sporting element among the cadets. Among the boys, Princeton was the favorite, while the gentler sex, with very few exceptions, glorified Yale to the top-notch of heroes as utterly uncoquerable. And the boys didn't try to dissuade them. It seemed too herculean a task.

Towards evening the excitement reached its height. Herman Heerd, a firm supporter of Yale, volunteered to go for the news. He scroched off on his wheel, nose high in the air, and a general appearance of supreme confidence in Yale's prowess. He returned shortly, but, Oh! how changed. The look of confidence was gone, and in its place was one of unmistakable chagrin. Cause--Princeton 6; Yale 0. The Princetonians nearly went wild--with joy. So did the admirers of Old Eli, but for a different reason.

Our matron, Mrs. Wilcox, has been the recipient of numerous expressions of sympathy over the defeat of Yale by Princeton. Resolutions were drawn up by the pupils, but they were not presented for fear of adding to her grief.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox and Editor Hodgson were at the Yale-Princeton game, Saturday. These gentlemen never miss this annual affair if they can help it.

From an item that appeared in a Sullivan County paper some time ago, it appears that Orris Benson, our blind boy, had been kept very busy during the vacation, putting backs and bottoms on chairs, and his work was highly praised, as equal if not better, to that boys in full possession of their faculties.

Prof. Charles W. Van Tassel delivered a lecture on "Cuba and Porto Rico and Their People." It was very interesting, and Mr. Van Tassel was given a rousing vote of thanks. The girls filed in the chapel decorated with huge Y's. Caricaturist Baehman pushed aside the curtains over the slates on the platform, and disclosed a Princeton foot-ball player, his face wreathed in smiles. On the other side, a Yale foot-ball player, all bandaged and patched up. Underneath it was the result of the game. The decoration of the girls disappeared, only the orange and black remained.

The art department has improved very much in appearance. Miss Le Prince has taken extra pains to see that it outvalued the decoration of past years as a visit to the department would surely convince any one. From the art class room, Principal Currier has had the old desks removed and has put in ad-jutable easels.

Misses Burehard, Buckingham, Smith, Gertrude and Louise Turner, and Messrs. Heuser, and Keiser pedaled through Van Cortlandt Park Saturday afternoon, and visited the Van Cortlandt Mansion, in which many interesting relics of the Revolutionary war are kept.

Sergeant Muench took a spin to Brooklyn.

Baehman and Heerd helped to batter down the loose dirt on the boy's bicycle track, by circling around on their wheels.

Cadet Gaunt exchanged his antediluvian Victor bicycle for a '97 Majestic.

There has been some talk of establishing a wheelmen's organization among the cadets, to be known as the "Fanwood Wheelmen." The purpose is to get up a series of runs in which all the cadets owning bicycles can participate. At present, owing to the lateness of the season, it seems that the project will have to be postponed till next spring.

The usual Saturday afternoon basket ball game was played in the gymnasium between the Juniors and the Scrubs.

Physical Director Cook, with his father and little daughter, were among the spectators of battalion parade Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Frederick Stryker was seen on his wheel, passing by the Institution grounds, Sunday morning.

J. H. K.

## JADE.

Jade, the Chinese symbol of the soul, is one of the most interesting minerals in the world. It is possessed of peculiar interest to the mineralogist because of its unique mineral properties, to the chemist because of a dispute as to its elementary composition, to the ethnolo-

gist because of its peculiar uses, to the archaeologist because of its strange associations with early history, to the poet because of its symbolic character in literature, and to the philosopher because of its association in the philosophy of the sages, with various virtues out of which grew the Chinese symbolism--the soul.

Jade is best described by the familiar name of pebble, of which it is the finest variety in respect of texture, the heaviest and the hardest known to the lapidary. It is susceptible of a high polish, and is so tenacious that it can be cut into the most intricate and fragile shapes. There are exceptional tints, but here jade may only be said to range in color from ivory white to deep olive green. Among substances known to the mineralogist it has no rival in the number of its fascinations, and no apology, therefore, is offered for ranking it with precious stones.--Good Words.

## MUTES MEET.

### THE QUIETEST DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN HISTORY.

The following account of a silent political meeting was clipped from the San Francisco Bulletin. We understand that the writer of it is a young man connected with this Institution, one whose writings have been honored by a place in some of the leading magazines and periodicals of the country.

The quietest Democratic meeting in political history was held last night on the seventh floor of the Mills Building. Although the debating was eloquent and fervid, not a word was spoken. It was a gathering of mutes for the purpose of declaring their political opinions.

It is claimed that the membership of the club is 500. Owing to the attraction of the Good Roads parade, 485 were absent. The other 15 conducted the proceedings not without true Democratic wrangling. Henry B. Howard happened to sit in the chair, and became *ipse facto* chairman. A young man named Hart snapped the word "program" on his fingers, but the chairman grinned ferociously and Hart subsided.

A man with the pleasing name of Paradise, who evidently was a secret partner of the chairman, went through the motions of asking the assemblage why they had met. He said that those present controlled the silent vote that one hears so much about.

A mute named Cahill chuckled and whispered on his digits, "to enable mutes to get near the pie-couter."

The chairman motioned for silence, and replied that the object of the meeting was to endorse candidates, and especially Maguire. Paradise was the only man in the room, except a reporter and an artist, who could speak.

He shouted across the apartment that the mutes would not swallow Maguire without balking. His ejaculations did not disturb the debaters, who continued their discussion on their fingers. The artist and the reporter who had previously spoken together in whispers out of politeness, suddenly realized that their courtesy was wasted.

Then began an interesting performance.

The three who could articulate spoke aloud and said what they pleased. The others debated vehemently in silence. Like oil and water, the conversations would not mix.

When the mutes were slow to indorse Maguire, Paradise cried out, "You are all fools; you'll never get near the pie."

Not a man turned his head at the words.

Paradise might think aloud and still be safe. He exulted in his exclusive faculty.

"They're slow about coming round to Maguire," he said, "but they'll surrender or I'll know the reason why."

Then the debate resumed. Paradise almost cracked his knuckles, so vehement was his harangue. He talked until he grew red in the wrist.

At intervals he called for a vote by a show of hands. Most of those present, wearied by the wrangling, gave in. One Irishman named O'Malley hung out obstinately.

Chairman Howard sought to move him. So pathetic was his address that his hands perspired as though weeping. O'Malley stuck by his colors.

The chairman wouldn't recognize the opposition. As none could articulate, the only means by which to obtain recognition was to wave one's hands in front of the chairman.

Howard settled down to a tete-a-tete with O'Malley. The others tried to get a motion in sideways, but couldn't. Finally thirteen of the mutes gathered in a corner and started a silent wrangle about something else. The chairman in his missionary effort with O'Malley worked himself into a profuse perspiration.

All the while there was much laughing and nodding in the corner. At last the astute Mr. Paradise laid a trap for O'Malley.

He announced that the parade would be over before they should

adjourn unless O'Malley gave up the fight. Then the Irishman weakened. He liked Gage, but wanted to view the parade. He hauled down his flag and the Maguire indorsement was adopted.

But freedom and the parade were not yet at hand.

The chairman wanted to indorse other candidates. He had a long list of men on the San Francisco and Oakland municipal tickets. They were indorsed in a bunch.

Still Howard had another project. He moved to "roast" Major McLaughlin. There was no dissent, and the resolution presumably passed. No recording secretary had been appointed and no official information can be obtained.--California News.

## SYRACUSE NEWS.

The Whist Club met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Connor, Saturday the 29th ult. The winners were Mr. Edward T. Murphy and Mrs. George D. Connor. The members were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rider the following Saturday.

Rev. Dantzer lectured at St. Paul's Cathedral, recently. His subject was very interesting. He is trying to establish a reading room for the deaf in this city.

Miss Mary Butler is expected in this city soon. She is recovering from typhoid fever at her home in Spaneateles.

Mr. Edward Killoran has resumed his position in Frazel & Jones's factory, after two months' idleness.

Miss Anna McGowan has returned to the Rome School, after a six days' visit to her mother here.

Fred. Foster is back in the Zetel printing shop. He intends to retire from the bicycle track.

Thomas Brenner returned to his job in Stearn's Bicycle Factory. He has been staying on Mr. Stiles Woodworth's farm and looks improved in health.

Miss Josephine Blaum is recovering from an attack of malarial fever. She will quit riding on her wheel this season. She is considered the champion wheelwoman among the deaf of Central New York.

Mr. Coulon, formerly of Buffalo, intends to make his residence in this city with his two sisters. One is Principal of the Lincoln School and the other is a teacher.

Mr. John L. Kellar is the possessor of a Barnes wheel.

Mrs. John F. Kellar and child have returned here. They have been at Phoenix, with their parents.

Mr. Richard Welch has given up his place in the bakery.

On a Sunday afternoon "Star Pointer" wheeled to Belgium and spent the day with friends from Baldwinsville, and then took the train home.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Marks are staying with their aunt on Park Street. They have received great help from kind people, and expect to start housekeeping soon. Mr. Marks was presented with a bicycle by a kind-hearted man.

STAR POINTER.

## THE OLD CLERK.

He is a familiar figure in almost every business house--the old clerk. White haired, thin, with clothes that are always of decent black and scrupulously brushed, he has sat behind the same desk or stood behind the same counter for dear knows how many years, growing thinner and older and mustier as the time went by. Sometimes we meet him in the early morning going down to office or store, walking the same route he has trod for 20 or 30 years with a regularity so perfect that the very policeman on the beat might set his watch by his movements. Often, late at night, when we are going home from the theater we see him through the iron grated window, still bending over his ledger, for he works slowly nowadays and must work overtime to make up his accounts. His eyes are growing dim and he fumbles with his glasses, his hands are losing their trick of deft penmanship, and his brain of swift decision. He does not understand it, but the fly boys all about him, young enough to be his sons, rush through their tasks and are out and gone while he is still laboring over his. Slowly but surely it is being borne in on him that he cannot compete with them.

In the manager's office he is already becoming a problem. Customers have begun to complain of his slowness. A man, not intentionally cruel, called out that he wanted somebody who was alive to wait on him; not that old fossil. A woman complained that he had not matched a sample, and asked why they kept blind people. The old clerk heard them, and it sounded like the knell of his own foreboding thoughts. He knows that the time is coming when he must go. He has seen it happen before with others. First he will be retired to some other department, with less work and less pay. They will remember for a time the many years of faithful service in which he has seen the firm grow from small beginnings to present wealth.

Then after a time they will for-

get even that, and one day when he has been slower than usual or some mistake has passed unnoticed by his dim eyes, they will send for him to come to the president's room, and he will be told that they think it best to put a boy in that department--somebody who is young and quick and can get about swiftly. Sometimes they give him a little pension, oftener not, but in either case he goes out a poor, heart broken old man. They talk to him of enjoying leisure, but he has never learned the art of idling, and so he hangs about the store after he is dismissed, walking by it through sheer force of habit. To others it is a commonplace enough store or office. To him it is the mausoleum where lies buried his youth, with all its dreams and hopes and ambitions, and there is a tear under the smile on his wintry old face as he says that he has left Blank & Blank's and has got too old to work.--New Orleans Picayune.

## Great Feat of Horsemanship.

"The greatest feat of horsemanship I ever saw performed was by a Riffian irregular cavalryman," said Captain J. E. Rathbone of Los Angeles, Cal., to a Washington (D. C.) correspondent. This was in reply to a story related by an ex-Confederate, who had served with General J. E. B. Stuart in the Valley of Virginia. The latter told how, on more than one occasion, Turner Ashby had ridden up to an opposing cavalryman, seized him around the waist, lifted him out of the saddle as if he had been a child, and taken him back on his own horse into the Confederate lines. It was agreed that this was more of a feat of strength and display of courage than horsemanship.

"I have seen Cossacks at full gallop snatch a baby from its mother's arms, toss it into the air, catch it, and repeat the performance," said Captain Rathbone. I once saw an Indian rider in the far West spring from his pony's bare back while the animal was moving at full gallop, pick up an arrow, and remount instantly in a standing posture. I have seen other performances all over the world, but for a neat, clever, clean-cut feat, this Riffian exceeded them all, I think.

"Several of us had been at Gibraltar and found ourselves at the town of Manila; on the Riffian coast. We were entertained by the Spanish commander, who did the honors finely. One morning we rode outside the town and reached a level stretch of sand, where there were a number of Riffian horsemen. They were fine-looking fellows, and attired in snow white burnouses. They were mounted on small animals, slight, but quick and wiry, of the thoroughbred Arab barb type.

"We were amused some time by their charges and evolutions. They would throw their swords and match locks in the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks infallibly. Finally it was announced that something of unusual interest would be accomplished. One of the men produced a needle and a piece of thread, possibly two or three feet in length. They were both handed around for inspection. I suppose the needle was a cambric one, and the thread fifty or sixty fine.

When we had duly inspected both one of the men signified he would thread the needle. He galloped his horse down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing us. The one who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop and came toward us at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment, and pulled up when he reached our party, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head."--San Francisco Chronicle.

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